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FOREWORD.

IN the midst of the Great War that has spread throughout the whole World, it is not to be wondered at that so small an undertaking as the publication of BACONIANA should have suffered: rather it is surprising that it has not been wholly crushed. The numbers for January and April that are now presented have been brought out by an Editor who is a small committee appointed by the Council of the Bacon Society. The Society and BACONIANA owe much to Mr. Smedley for his Editorship in the past, and to the knowledge and personal enthusiasm for the subject that he has concentrated upon his work; and the present Editor has pleasure in expressing the gratitude which all members of the Society must feel to him for what has been done so well. Many pages of our back numbers bear testimony to Mr. Smedley's zeal for the cause, and to his keen insight into the numerous obscure problems that the Life and Writings of Francis Bacon present.

The Editor feels that the production and the reading of BACONIANA during this War period may afford to many a well deserved and much needed mental relief from War strain, and that therefore its Quarterly production should rightly be carried on. It is not much, perhaps, but it is something that the mind should be led away for a short time from the ever present War, and induced to interest itself in Literary and Historical

The "Florio" Montaigne.

problems that had their birth and being 300 years ago, and still retain sufficient vitality to stir enthusiasm and active research.

It is the intention to bring out as soon as possible the July number of this Magazine, and members of the Society and all those interested in the subject are requested to send articles or letters to:—

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THE "FLORIO" MONTAIGNE.

MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE, 1533-1592, was gentleman of the bed-chamber to the French King, Henri III., in 1576, and subsequently held a similar office under Henri of Navarre in 1577.

In 1580 he printed, at Bordeaux, in small octavo, two books of "Essais."

In 1588 he printed in Paris, in quarto, the first two books, with six hundred additions thereto, and a third book of "Essais."

Those in the third book were each fully four times as long as those in the first two books. In 1592 he died, and is said to have left behind him two annotated prints of the edition of 1588. One of these copies is in the Municipal library at Bordeaux.

From the other copy (original of which is lost), Marie de Gournay, with additions by the poet, Pierre de Brach, produced the folio edition of 1595 in Paris.

In 1576 to 1579, Francis Bacon was a visitor at the French Court. In 1579, Anthony Bacon went to

France. When he first went to Bordeaux is uncertain, but from 1583 to 1591 he is said to have been in Bordeaux constantly and to have been an intimate friend of Montaigne. In 1592, at Montaigne's death, the poet, Pierre de Brach, wrote to Anthony Bacon :—

" I am so touched to the quick by a new sorrow by the tidings of the death of M. de Montaigne that I no longer belong to myself. In him I have lost my best friend ; France the mind the most whole and the most vital she ever possessed ; and the world the true pattern and mirror of pure philosophy."

(*A. Bacon's MSS., Lambeth*).

The probabilities are that Francis Bacon knew Montaigne as intimately as did his foster brother, Anthony. In considering the " Florio " Montaigne translation this must be borne in mind. It is equally necessary to consider in what relation Francis stood to Florio. It must be axiomatic that Francis was the unacknowledged elder son of a belated secret marriage of Queen Elizabeth with Lord Robert Dudley, afterwards created Earl of Leicester. Further, that Robert Earl of Essex, was a second son of that secret marriage, born a few years later.

The education of Francis was mainly entrusted to tutors, for he was only at Cambridge from April, 1573, to August, 1574, and possibly from March, 1574-5, to December of 1575, though there would be holiday intervals, and he would seem to have visited Oxford University for a month or two. Amyas Paulet was the son of the Protestant governor of the Isle of Jersey, where French is the written and spoken language. He was French tutor to Francis, and took him to France in the summer of 1574. The evidence is in the letter from Francis to Robert Cecil, dated in January, 1594-5, which says :—" These one and twenty years (for so long it is, that I kissed Her Majesty's hands

upon my journey into France." Also in a letter from Francis to the Earl of Essex:—"These twenty years (for so long it is and more) since I went with Sir Amyas Paulet into France from Her Majesty's royal hand." (Dated the same *month* as the letter to Cecil.)

It will be seen that Francis in his second letter corrects his first, so it cannot be said that he blundered. Twenty years and more would make the date of his first visit with his tutor, Amyas Paulet, to France, a few months before January, 1574-5. It was a likely time, as the plague was raging in England. When it was decided to send him on the Continent for three years in or before June, 1576, Edward Bacon, his foster-brother, ten years his senior, seems to have been first selected as his travelling companion, as a license to travel was made out to the two of them. In the end Amyas Paulet, his French tutor, was knighted, and again sent in charge of Francis and of his English tutor, Mr. Duncombe. They crossed in September, 1576.

Paulet did not go as Ambassador. Dr. Dale was already in Paris in that capacity, and Paulet did not succeed him until February, 1576-7. The 1574 visit to France enabled Francis "Bacon" to be fluent in the language when attending the French Court.

John Florio was Francis' Italian tutor. This son of an Italian Protestant refugee (a dependent on Burleigh) was suitable in age, religion and other qualifications for the post of tutor to this young prince. When Francis had gone to France in 1576, the Earl of Leicester, as Chancellor of Oxford University, seems to have helped Florio to become a servitor and teacher of languages at Oxford. Francis paid a visit to England of unknown duration in 1578. In this year, dedicated to Leicester and with a verse from Francis (masked in the name of Gosson, one of the Chapel Royal choristers), Florio printed a small quarto of Italian and English

sentences, called "Florio, his First Fruites." A reprint of this in 1591, and an Italian-English Dictionary in quarto printed in 1598, and reprinted with many additions as a folio in 1611, constituted Florio's sole original literary output. For proof of this refer to his Will, which only mentions the MSS. of these two books. Francis Bacon evidently helped him over these productions and provided him with translating and copying work at other times. See the petition of Mons. Journall in 1621, on behalf of Florio, affirming that the latter translated books written both by King James and by Lord Bacon.

For an instance of help, Francis contributed a sonnet to the 1591 "Second Fruites" (Florio refers in his Will to this book as "Dialogues"). Francis signed it "Phaeton," and indicated his true name numerically by making the sonnet consist of exactly 100 words. Baconians understand that 67 is the value in figures of the letters in "Francis," and 33 is the figure value of the letters in "Bacon"; total 100.

As an allusive signature, "Phaeton" was aptly chosen. Phaeton in the ancient myths was son of the Sun-God Phœbus. The myth hath it that Phaeton came to grief in driving his father's chariot round the earth. Francis was the son of the English earth Goddess, Queen Elizabeth, and *his* lot was not a happy one. He, too, had come to grief.

Professor Minto and others have claimed the "Phaeton" sonnet to have been written by "Shakespeare." They were right. Florio, in his 1598 dictionary, said it came "from a gentleman, a friend of mine, who loved better to be a poet than to be counted so." Francis asked Davis in 1603 to be "kind to concealed poets." In the words of the late Sir E. Durning-Lawrence, Bacon was Shakespeare.

In 1595, as has already been mentioned, the French

posthumous edition of Montaigne's Essays was published.

By 1597 Bacon had written ten Essays, published the following January, 1597-8. This was his first publication under his own name. In 1599 Edward Blount obtained licence to publish an English translation of Montaigne's Essays.

In 1600 Sir William Cornwallis printed some Essays, and incidentally mentioned having seen the English translation of Montaigne in progress. Francis and Cornwallis were friends. Francis died—or died to the world—in 1626, at Lord Arundel's house at Highgate, which at one time had belonged to Cornwallis.

That the author of the 1603 "Hamlet" must have seen the English translation of Montaigne's Essais in MS. was the firm opinion of Miss Hooker (see Vol. 17 of Publications of the Modern Language Association of America). She affirmed that the play of "Hamlet" is saturated with the philosophy of Montaigne. As it was impossible for the "deserving man" from Stratford to be sufficiently educated in philosophic French, nothing but a presumed early peep at the translation could save the Stratfordian Authorship pretension from logical disaster. Yet the Germans have shown how average minds can be tutored to belief in any falsity.

"Thinkest thou that when all the accesses and motions of all minds are besieged and obstructed by the obscurest idols, deeply rooted and branded in, the smooth and polished areas present themselves in the true and native rays of things?"

(*Bacon's Filum Labyrinthi*).

Queen Elizabeth died 24th March, 1602-3. Then the autobiographical play of "Hamlet" saw the light. So did the belated "Florio" Montaigne. For delay with the latter there was very excellent reason. Six

important French-speaking ladies of the Elizabethan Court were associated with the translation. It was a perfectly natural thing to have entrusted each pair of these ladies with one of the three books into which the French "Montaigne" was divided. Florio, Diodate and Francis Bacon would revise the translations. Dr. Gwinn would work at the Latin quotations and Sir Edward Wotton, a notable statesman and able French scholar, was apparently called in as expert occasionally. His daughter married Sir Edmund Bacon, grandson of Sir Nicholas Bacon. But while the translation was in progress came the trouble between Robert Earl of Essex and his mother the Queen, followed by Robert's subsequent rebellion and death. One has only to name these six ladies in order to appreciate the difficult situation in which the translation was placed. Lady Lucie was sister to Sir John Harrington, the poet, and godson of the Queen (who was Knighted by the Earl of Essex in Ireland and had to stay away to avoid further trouble with the Queen). Lady Lucie Bedford, who had been most actively interested in the work, was wife of the 3rd Earl Bedford, who was charged with association with the Essex rising. Lady Harrington was mother to Lady Lucie and second wife of Harrington, whose first wife was a bastard daughter of Henry VIII.

The Countess of Rutland, granddaughter of Walsingham the French Ambassador, daughter of Sir Philip Sidney, and step-daughter of Robert Earl of Essex, was necessarily in the trouble. So was Lady Penelope Riche, Robert's foster-sister. Earls Bedford and Rutland were heavily fined for alleged participation in the Essex rising, though whether they paid is doubtful.

Lady Grey, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, might have escaped the Queen's displeasure, but Lady Maria Nevill could not have avoided suspicion.

Although she was the daughter of Thomas Sackville, Baron Buckhurst the poet, and then Lord Treasurer, her husband, Sir Henry Nevill (late Ambassador in France) had barely escaped penalties for alleged connection with the Essex conspiracy. Publication of the "Florio" Montaigne until after the Queen's death was therefore out of the question.

Francis wrote the dedications, address to reader, and the "Il Candido" sonnets. Florio (like Meres, who married his sister) was most probably one of Bacon's "good pens," whose name was used as the nominal translator of the Montaigne Essais. Diodate was probably Ælius Diodate, the French advocate, who arranged for the translation into French of Bacon's "Sylva Sylvarum."

Francis may have thought that the incongruity of an Italian being named as the translator of ornate French into English would arouse enquiry some day.

The Rosy Cross secret literary fraternity were the real publishers of the translation, though Blount, one of them, was nominally the publisher.

Their sigil "157" is on the title-page; 133 roman letters plus 24 italic words = 157. The letters in the turnover word "By" are not counted.

The "Il Candido" sonnets are signed with Bacon's numerical signature 100. The figure total in each respective sonnet was produced in divers ways so as to defeat accidental detection. That to Lady Bedford shows 107 small Roman words and 7 small italic letters. Deduct the smaller number. That to Lady Harrington has 102 small Roman words. Deduct the 2 italic words. The "Reply to Florio" gives 100 words, omitting those in italics. The Italian sonnet to Florio has 100 italic words. The Lady Rutland sonnet has 103 Roman words. Deduct the 3 italic words. The Lady Riche sonnet has 114 small Roman words.

Deduct 14 for 8 large Roman words and 6 italic letters. That to Lady Grey has a total of 100 Roman and italic words and that to Lady Nevill has 109 small Roman words. Deduct 9 words in the heading. Il Candido's sonnet to Florio is entitled :—

"Al mio amate Instruttore Mr. Giovanni Florio." To "Il Candido" Florio had been Italian tutor. For Il Candido read Francis "Bacon."

The "Address to the Reader" is not simply signed John Florio, but with the words "the same resolute John Florio." The first three of these words give the figure equivalent (viz., 177) of "William Shakespeare." This name was first used by Francis Bacon in 1593, on "Venus and Adonis." Next on "Lucrece," in 1594, then upon about a dozen plays prior to 1603. He knew that few people could read "between the lines," and fewer care to do so. Other expressions of Francis Bacon betray themselves in the dedications and address : "To my last Birth which I held Masculine." "Put it in English clothes, taught it to talke our tongue." "You that deserve best in doing well by me (the meanest)." "laborinth," "understanding Oedipus," etc. The legal expressions are unusually numerous :—

"Give evidence." "Passe her verdict." "At first I pleaded." "For their freehold." "Is our accuser." "Posterite our judge." "Our studie is our advocate and your readers our jury."

The writer introduces new words :—

"Or are they in some uncouth terms as entraine, conscientious, endeare, tarnish, comporte, efface, facilitate, amusing, debauching, regret, effort, emotion, and such like ; if you like them not take others most commonly set by them to expound them since there they were set to make such likely French words familiar with our English which well may beare them."

Sir Edward Wotton is said (in the preface to the second book) to have first suggested the translation. Sir Henry Wotton, his younger half brother, was one of the Earl of Essex's secretaries, a great friend of Francis, and wrote the epitaph on his Gorhambury monument. Sir Henry sought quietude abroad during the Earl of Essex trouble.

The preface referred to says :—

" For Essayes I may say of him (Montaigne) as he in this book did of Homer :—Heere shines in him the greatest wit without exception deserving for his composition to be entitled Sole-Maister of Essayes ; whose Maister-point is this, none was before him whom he might imitate ; none hath come after him who could well imitate or at most equal him, and a wonder it is he therein should be perfectest whereof he is first Authour."

The " Florio " Montaigne was reprinted by Blount in 1613, with a dedication to the then Queen, a sonnet to her by " Il Candido," verses by Daniel, an address to the Reader, and an anonymous sonnet.

The Candido sonnet with the title totals 100 words ; the Address to Reader has 77 Roman words and 23 italic letters ; the anonymous sonnet exactly 100 words.

This last mentioned sonnet, upon internal evidence, has been assigned by the critics to the man who wrote the Shakespeare plays and sonnets. They were right. " Bacon is Shakespeare."

In 1632 Royston, " the bookseller to three Kings," printed in folio a third edition of the Florio Montaigne. Its cryptic frontispiece was engraved by Martin Droeshout, who engraved the " Figure " portrait in the Shakespeare Folio. See as to it Mr. W. H. Mallock's article in *Pall Mall Magazine* for January, 1903. *Florio's name is removed from the title page.* The banneret over the Gate has upon it 204 italic and 47

Roman letters. Deduct the smaller number and the result is 157, a Rosy Cross symbol.

Count carefully with a reading glass as the letters in "Michael" are italic, and one Roman and two italic letters seem to have been purposely put out of place. The verse will, I think, be found to have 287 Roman words, though my count from Vol. 3 of the "Florio" Montaigne, in Dent's Temple Classics, page 377, only makes 286 :—

"And if then you understand not, Give them roome that can."

With the above words the cryptic verse concluded.

The frontispiece would seem to tell us that while the portico (signifying the dedications and sonnets) is an excellent piece of exact architecture, the work of Francis Bacon, the buildings beyond, namely, the translated essays, are more or less faulty and imperfect. Ladies Bedford, Harrington, Rutland, Riche, Grey and Nevill did their best, and Florio, Diodate and Gwinn assisted to the limit of their abilities and opportunities, but the late Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's complaints of ludicrous misrenderings of the original French are doubtlessly entirely justified.

PARKER WOODWARD.

SHAKESPEARE'S "ERRORS."

STRATFORDIANS repeatedly show their ignorance of the works of Bacon by asserting that because there are liberties of time and place taken by the writer of the Shakespeare plays, Francis Bacon cannot be the real Shakespeare. Yet Dr. Abbott testifies that Bacon was "eminently inattentive to details," and declares that "his scientific works are full of inaccuracies." We have become wearied of the "poser" of Hector being made to quote Aristotle; but in the *Essays*, notwithstanding the care with which they were elaborated and published, there is an amazing carelessness of detail. Did Shakespeare do worse than make Themistocles talk to the King of Persia about cloth of Arras? Such an anachronism is a clear indication that Bacon wrote with the pen of the poet. Were the seeming absurdities absent from Shakespeare's lines, there would be at least one overwhelming argument against Bacon's authorship, for, in the *De Augmentis*, he defines poesy as "a part of learning in measure of words for the most part restrained, but in all other points extremely free and licensed; and therefore (as I said at first) it is referred to the imagination, which may at pleasure make unlawful matches and divorces of things."

Many of Shakespeare's supposed errors have, however, only proved the poet's width of learning as opposed to the ignorance of his critics. I strongly suspect that another instance of this is to be found in *Anthony and Cleopatra* (II.-5), where Cleopatra proposes a game of billiards with her attendant Charmian. In Chapman's play, *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria* (1598), the Queen of Egypt, Aegiale, says to the princess:

* *Essay of Friendship.*

Go Aspasia,
Send for some ladies to go play with you,
At chess, at billiards, and at other game.

The King of Egypt is Ptolemy.

It is possible that billiards was played by the Egyptians ; but the learned translator of Homer was every bit as careless about detail as Shakespeare. In this play we find mention of pistols and tobacco ; the English plants rosemary, thyme, and rue. Irus has a gown to wear :

In rain, or *snow*, or in the hottest summer.

There walks about Alexandria a sixteenth century type of a Spanish gallant, named Bragadino. Another character, Pego, attires himself in a velvet gown, and puts a patch of buckram cloth over his eye. References to Osiris are followed by such remarks as " God knows," and " Jesu," while Count Irus talks of going to church to be married ! If one hunts for instances of these " unlawful matches and divorces of things," they may be found as plentiful as blackberries. But poetry was never intended to be thus criticised, and certainly the poets are entitled to feign as much as they please. In *Certain Satires* (1598) Marston scourges such critics and detractors of poets :—

For tell me, critic, is not fiction
The soul of poesy's invention ?
Is't not the form the spirit and the essence,
The life and the essential difference,
Which *omni, semper, soli*, doth agree
To heavenly descended poesy ?
Thy wit God comfort, mad chirurgion ;
What, make so dangerous an incision ?
At first dash whip away the instrument
Of poet's procreation ? Fie, ignorant !

BACON, SHAKESPEARE AND THE CRITICS.

AT the time when the Great Folio of the Plays was issued in 1623, literary criticism as we now know it was non-existent in England. When such a volume appeared there were no critics who would write and print in daily or weekly newspapers, or monthly magazines, articles discussing the merits or demerits of its contents, articles pointing out the great achievement—or the reverse—of the author, or articles drawing attention to slipshod or careless editing, supposing that the author were dead and the Volume in question were a posthumous production. If there had been such literary criticism in vogue, and the *media* in which to publish it, one can imagine how much interest would have been evoked by the appearance of the Great 1623 Folio, and how busy the pens of the critics would have been, if we assume that the literary fraternity appreciated the Plays to the same degree that they are now appreciated. The old favourites, that had been in print before, would be discussed anew, and changes that had been introduced in them, in the Folio, would be commented on and praised or blamed. Those that had never before been printed, but were known by reputation as having appeared on the stage, would be hailed with delight ; and those that were entirely new, and had never even been heard of, would be acclaimed as a priceless addition to our literary store—that is if the Plays were then valued in anything like the degree in which we now value them.

But in 1623, and for many years after that date, nothing of the sort took place ; the great Folio came out, was on sale by various booksellers, and so far as literary

criticism was concerned, that was the end of the matter. True, at the beginning of the Volume, there were inserted laudatory poems by literary men of the day, heaping praise upon the beloved author, Mr. William Shakespeare, who had died in 1616; and Ben Jonson, who stood highest among writers of that time, says of his "beloved the Author":—

"Leave thee alone, for the comparison
 "Of all that insolent Greece or haughtie Rome
 "Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."

So that all this may be taken, and was with purpose intended that it should be taken, as the well-considered literary criticism of the time. The value of this, however, as a considered pronouncement, is somewhat impaired when we find the same Ben Jonson, in his "Discoveries," published in 1641, writing of Francis Bacon, with whom he had been intimately connected in literary work, in the following way—"But his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor is he" (*i.e.*, Bacon) "who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compar'd or preferr'd either to insolent Greece or haughtie Rome. . . . So that he may be named and stand as the mark and acme of our language"; using the very same words to set up the superiority of Bacon over all his contemporaries (for he was the "acme of our language") that he had used in 1623 in praise of Shakespeare; and we must remember that Bacon retired from this world's stage in 1626, only three years after the Folio came out. So that in Jonson's opinion, as handed down to us, there were two men living at the same time who put "insolent Greece and haughtie Rome" in the shade, and one of them, **Bacon**, stood as the mark and acme of our language. Certainly a curious puzzle for critics to contemplate.

But besides the laudatory poems at the beginning of the Folio there was a preface attributed to the two men who were put forward as editors for bringing out the Great Plays. These were Heminge and Condell, who had been fellow actors with Shakespeare. They give us to understand, however, that their editing business had not been much trouble to them, for "His mind and hand went together. And what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them you, to praise him." Here, if there had been a critic with critical faculty, desiring in 1623, to write an article on this Great Folio, there would have been matter for furious thinking. What did Heminge and Condell mean by saying that they "only gather his works?" They must have known all about them, which of them had been published before, and which had not, and which of them were entirely new; but as to this—a matter, one would think, of supreme interest to the literary world—their Preface is quite silent; and their saying that they "only gather his works" would lead one to suppose that they are simply making a collection of, and putting in one Volume, plays that were well known to the public and had been studied before; and that, "where (before) you were abused with diverse stolen, and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealth of injurious imposters, that exposed them; even those are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them."

Our imagined critic, if he knew anything of the bibliography of the subject, would here have something to chew upon. The statement about "surreptitious copies" of "injurious imposters" would account for,

and was no doubt intended to account for, the large additions and emendations that appear in those Plays in the Folio, that had previously come out in Quarto, and with which editions they could be compared. But what about the New Plays that had never appeared on the stage or in print before ? Why do Heminge and Condell make no mention of them ? For surely it was a most important fact, and one that should not be kept hidden, that these editors had got hold of, and were producing in their Folio, for the first time, six entirely new plays by their beloved Mr. William Shakespeare, who had died seven years before the appearance of the Folio. Our critic would have good reason to be astonished at this : but still more astonished and actually indignant would he be, when on examining this Preface more carefully he found that Heminge and Condell plainly deny that there are any new Plays, when they say in a previous part—" Know, these Plays have had their trial already, and stood out all Appeals." Our critic, if he knew the facts of the case, would know that this statement was distinctly untrue, because he would find among the Plays six that he knew had not " had their trial already " ; and not without reason he would begin to cudgel his brains to find the explanation for this fraudulent mis-statement.

But of course at that time there was no literary criticism that could discover or examine into these peculiarities and inconsistencies ; and this fact Bacon very well knew, and knew that he had only boldly to bring out his Folio with plays altered and plays added, and boldly to state that all were by the Stratford man to whom he had before attributed them, and though this man had been dead for seven years, there was no one to say him " Nay," and no one but would be blinded and silenced by his bold " bluff." Who cared sufficiently about the authorship to investigate closely

the inconsistencies of the book? When the Quartos with Shakespeare's name to them had been swallowed, by the reading public, without difficulty, was there any stomach so particularly sensitive that it would be upset by the Folio? The device of attributing the differences between the Quartos and the Folio to "diverse stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors, that exposed them," was quite sufficient explanation to satisfy any prying or curious minds, especially when this is coupled with the assurance that they are "now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs" and that they have "scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Who could wish for a clearer and franker explanation than this? Or who of the reading public would trouble to notice the equivocation in the statement that they have "scarce received from him a blot in his papers?" It sounds like an asseveration that the plays have been printed from MSS. that were without blot, so clearly were they written, and Bacon was quite satisfied that his public would take it at that and be content; and so they were—and are still for that matter.

Many years were to pass before the reading public began to see the marvellous beauty, the depth and richness of learning, the boundless exuberance of fancy, the wealth and splendour of language in these wonderful works. There is no evidence that they seemed anything much out of the way, to the contemporary public. The laudatory poems were, of course, contributed by Bacon's literary friends who were in the secret, and ready to further his scheme; but the public were not stirred by the plays in any special way. Shakespeare, who was put forward as their author, spent the last 10 or 15 years of his life in obscure Stratford, unnoticed by the world of letters or by any other world, and died as

obscurely as he had lived. John Evelyn, who was a refined and well-educated man, of some literary attainments and good—I might say high—social position, notes in his diary in 1661 that he saw “ Hamlet ” played ; “ but ” he says “ the old plays begin to disgust this refined age,” while Pepys, who may assuredly be taken as a representative man of the upper middle class, in his diary of 30th September 1662, records : “ To the King’s Theatre where we saw ‘ Midsummer Night’s Dream,’ which I had never seen before, nor ever shall again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.” And on 1st March, 1661-2 : “ To the opera and there saw ‘ Romeo and Juliet.’ . . . It is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard in my life.” Again, on the 1st Nov., 1667 : “ My wife and myself to the King’s Playhouse, and there saw a silly play and an old one, ‘ The Taming of a Shrew.’ ”

There is not much appreciation shown here of the poetic beauty of the Plays, nor any understanding of the wonderful work that was done in word making and the development of the English language. The age was not yet when these plays would be pored over, studied, criticised, analysed, annotated and dissected.

One of the first to criticise them at all in an enquiring spirit, was Thomas Rymer, and what he says is highly interesting and instructive.

Thomas Rymer was born in 1641 and died in 1713. He was a member of Grey’s Inn, and a strong Royalist, though his father Ralph had been an equally strong Roundhead, and was hanged at York in 1664 for high treason. Rymer’s work, by which no doubt he is best known and remembered, is his “ Foedera ” ; a great production of 17 gigantic Royal Folios, containing historical documents, of every kind and description, copied from the official records of our country, from

the earliest times down to the period in which he lived ; a work showing infinite industry and care, and a work which is still of much value for reference. He made incursions as well into other walks in Literature, and in 1674 brought out through T. H. and N. Herringham (well-known publishers of that day) an octavo volume : " Reflections on Aristotle's Treatise of Poesie." But he also brought out in 1693, through Richard Baldwin, publisher, another octavo volume entitled : " A Short View of Tragedy ; its Original Excellency and Corruption, With Some Reflections on Shakespeare," &c., and it is to this that I would desire to draw attention. It was dedicated to Charles, Earl of Dorset, in language that is much more dignified and sensible than was usual with such writings at that time. One chapter is devoted entirely to an examination and critical study of Shakespeare's " Othello." It is in this that Rymer's extraordinary lack of appreciation and understanding of Shakespeare is shown. At p. 95 he says : " In the neighing of a horse, or in the growling of a mastiff there is a meaning, there is as lively expression, and I may say, more humanity, than many times in the tragical flights of Shakespeare."

And again : " There is not a monkey that understands Nature better : not a pug in Barbary that has not a truer taste of things " (p. 114).

And he concludes his criticism of this splendid tragedy by the sweeping remark that : " There is in this play some burlesk, some humour, and ramble of Comical Wit, some shew and some Mimicry to divert the spectators ; but the tragical parts is plainly none other than a bloody farce, without salt or savour."

This from a learned and educated man is indeed remarkable. The violence of the language, in its absurd ignorance, is worthy of a modern Shakespearian addressing a Baconian.

Yet let it not be thought that these are some chance phrases, let drop in a careless vein. The whole chapter is a patient dissection of the great tragedy. He sneers at Othello's dignified and restrained speech, commencing :—

“ Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors.”

Of Desdemona, he says : “ No woman bred out of a pig sty could talk so meanly (p. 131).

And of Othello's distraught words, after having killed Desdemona :—

“ O heavy hour !

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.”

He remarks, with keen critical insight : “ This is wonderful. Here is poetry to elevate and amuse. Here is sound all sufficient. It would be uncivil to ask Flamstead if the Sun and Moon can both together be so highly eclipsed in any heavy hour whatsoever. Nor must the spectators consult Gresham College whether a body is naturally frightened till he yawn again ” (p. 141).

Here indeed is a ramble of Comical Wit masquerading as shrewd literary criticism. And be it remembered that this comes from one of the leading literary men of the time.

Nor is Rymer confined in this precious little treatise of his, to the tragedy of Othello alone. In his next chapter he descants upon the play of “ Julius Cæsar.” I will not go much into this, but merely give the opening remarks of the chapter.

“ He (Shakespeare) might be familiar with Othello and Iago as his own natural acquaintances ; but Cæsar and Brutus were above his conversation. To put them in fool's coats and make them Jack-puddens

in the Shakespeare dress, is a sacrilege beyond anything in Spelman."

Here indeed are they all numbered, pilloried and catalogued; all the characters in these marvellous Plays; all the men and women who have charmed and amazed the world; who are known, revered and loved; or hated and despised according as the skill of the Master Magician's hand has painted them; whose thoughts, sayings, and deeds are familiar as the all encasing air; here you have them named and set down: "Jack-puddens in the Shakespeare dress!" Could any ramble of Comical Wit go further? No doubt in the opinion of this portentous critic these Jack-puddens should all be consigned to the limbo of forgotten things. Think what the world would have lost if this heavy-footed lumbering animal had trampled out all the Plays in his absurd progress, and crushed the sweet flowers of poetry under the ponderous stupidity of his criticism. It makes one wonder how much, perchance, the world may have lost of truth and literary beauty, by listening too attentively to the words of learned pedants.

But Pope—Alexander Pope—(1688-1744) has something to say about Thomas Rymer and his criticism. And what, think you, did he say? He describes Rymer as "a learned and strict critic" and "on the whole one of the best critics we ever had. . . . He is generally right, though rather too severe in his opinion of the particular Plays he speaks of."* This gives us "a taste" of what Pope thought of the "Jack-puddens in the Shakespeare dress." And Pope was a literary man and a poet, not merely a critic. It amazes one to find that he thinks Rymer was only "rather too severe" in his bludgeon-like treatment of the Plays.

* Dic. Nat. & Biog. Art. Thomas Rymer.

It could not have been that Pope feared that if he rebuked Rymer for his lack of appreciation of the splendid writings, he might have brought on himself a beating from the Rymer bludgeon, for Rymer was then dead. So that I think we may take it that Pope's real opinion of the Plays is reflected in the mild censure he gives to Rymer for his vitriolic outpourings. "He is generally right, though rather too severe."

A little later we come to Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709-1784) and by this time the appreciation of the Plays had grown. He wrote that Dryden's criticism had the "Majesty of a Queen; Rymer's the ferocity of a Tyrant."* What seemed to Johnson queenly criticism on Dryden's part, may be judged of in the following extracts: In 1699 Dryden wrote: "It must be allowed to the present age, that the tongue in general is so much refined since Shakespeare's time, that many of his words and more of his phrases, are scarcely intelligible. And of those which we understand, some are ungrammatical, others coarse, and his whole style is so pestered with figurative expressions, that it is affected as it is obscure. . . . How defective Shakespeare and Fletcher have been in all their plots, Mr. Rymer has discovered in his Criticisms."

"Poetry was then, if not in its infancy among us, at least not arrived to its vigour and maturity; witness the lameness of their plots, &c."

"Shakespeare who many times has written better than any poet, in any language, is yet as far from writing wit always, or expressing that wit according to the dignity of the subject, that he writes in many places below the dullest writer of ours, or of any precedent age."†

This is certainly not up to the ferocity of Rymer's

* Dic. Nat. Biog. Art. Thomas Rymer.

† Quoted from Edwards' "Shaksper not Shakespeare."

language, but it is quite without any appreciation of the marvellous beauty of the word-painting in the Plays, and it is significant that though Johnson speaks of Rymer's "ferocity," he still considers his criticism as something in the literary world worthy of serious thought.

The inference which I draw from the foregoing—and which one is, I think, entitled to draw—is that for 150 years after the publication of the Great 1623 Folio there was but little appreciation of the marvellous beauty, the depth and richness of literary splendour, the extraordinary "word-making" that is to be found in these immortal Plays. Critics of the Rymer breed—and he must have had an important following—saw little in them to admire and much to laugh at and despise. Their ears seem to have been deaf to the exquisite music of the language, and their eyes blind to the lovely flowers of rhetoric and imagery with which the pages are so plentifully bestrewn. All this was nothing to them. They could not see it and did not understand it. Johnson saw it, though mildly, and without any whole-hearted or enthusiastic appreciation; but from his time onwards the understanding of the Plays has increased, until now the man who would venture to pour out derision upon them would indeed write his own condemnation. I think there is no doubt that Bacon himself knew and felt that this work of his was far beyond the capacity of his contemporaries to appreciate. He says in his *Advancement of Learning**: "As for myselfe (Excellent King) to speak the truth of my selfe, I have often wittingly and willingly neglected the glory of my own Name and Learning (if any such thing be) both in the works I now publish, and in those I contrive for hereafter; whilst I study to advance the

* Edition 1640, p. 334; first published in Latin in 1623.

good and profit of mankind." It was the contriving for hereafter that Bacon had constantly in mind, and in the Plays (in which he neglected the glory of his own name) published in the same year as his "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*," there was a long forward look to the hereafter, when they would be read and studied as they should be. Even in his Will, as given in part by Archbishop Tenison in his "*Baconiana*" (1679) he is mindful of the great work he had, all his life, been doing for the development of the English language and literature, when he says: "For my Name and Memory I leave it to Foreign Nations; and to mine own country men, after some time be passed over."

"Crescit occulto velut Arbor aevo
Fama Baconi."

"The fame of Bacon grows secretly and unseen in the ages like a tree."

But the time when Bacon's fame will be understood, we are, I think, entering upon soon. Just as it took 150 years for the beauty and richness of the plays to be understood, so it has taken 150 years more for people to understand that that beauty and richness, that wonderful inter-weaving of musty learning and classic lore, with the most exquisite poetic fiction, could not have been the product of an uneducated young man from an insignificant English village; a man who after having supposedly done this splendid work, when barely 40 years of age, retired to his village again, and once more resumed the petty life he had previously led, dealing in malt, lending a few shillings here and there, tippling with the yokels of Stratford, oblivious of plays or any other literature, the world forgetting and by the world forgot, and died at 52 years of age from the effects of a drinking bout. Seeing that the Plays are what they are, I venture to think that, with the spread

of the general understanding of them, the time is approaching when there is not a Pug in Barbary (to borrow for a moment the Rymer bludgeon) but will see that they could not have been produced by an uneducated man from a bookless English village, no matter how many learned critics may descant upon that proposition and endeavour to prove it, in the affirmative.

"A man that couldn't write his name, never wrote those Plays."

Even now occasional gleams of light may be seen breaking through the "critical" darkness. I have seen one in the Dictionary of National Biography, Art. "Bacon," where the writer says : "There is something about Bacon's diction, his quaintness of expression, and his power of illustration, which lays hold of the mind, and lodges itself in the memory, in a way which we hardly find paralleled in any other author, except it be Shakespeare." Small wonder that there should be identity of diction and illustration in both writings, when both come from the same brain. "Mente Videbor," as Bacon said of himself.

Another ray of light which is very enlightening is obtained from David Masson. He says, in a passage that has often been quoted :—

"Shakespeare is as astonishing for the exuberance of his genius in abstract notions, and for the depth of his analytic and philosophic insight, as for the scope and minuteness of his poetic imagination. It is as if into a mind poetical in form, there had been poured all the matter that existed in the mind of his contemporary, Bacon. In Shakespeare's Plays, we have thought, history, exposition, philosophy, all within the round of the poet. The only difference between him and Bacon sometimes is, that Bacon writes an essay and calls it his own, whilst Shakespeare writes a similar essay and puts it in the mouth of an Ulysses or a Polonius."

Certainly a very complete summing up of the Bacon-

Shakespeare question in as few and as clear words as could possibly be found, and a summing up with which every Baconian would most thoroughly agree. The only difference between him and Masson being, that whereas the Baconian sees that Bacon and Shakespeare are one and indivisible, Masson believes in the ever recurring performance of a miracle in the pouring of the matter that existed in the mind of Bacon, into the uneducated brain of Shakespeare, there to be digested into poetic form. Which is the more reasonable inference to draw from the summing up? That of the Baconian? or that of Masson? With every confidence, I leave it to the jury of the great reading public to say, after the jury has informed itself of the facts of the case.

GRANVILLE C. CUNNINGHAM.

THE SONNETS AGAIN.

IN 1907-8 I sent to BACONIANA three papers, entitled respectively, "A Piece of Tender Air," "Summer's Honey Breath," and "Leontes Heir." The first of these was published in October, 1907, the second in January, 1908, but the last was not published. The purpose of these papers was to show that the Sonnets, generally speaking, were addressed to the author and his writings, and not to any third person or thing, and that the four late plays, "Cymbeline," "Winter's Tale," "Pericles," and "Tempest," carry an allegory of the author and his plays, and that the plays in question are related to the Sonnets and that this relation can be traced.

Not being a Baconian, my mind passed to other things, and I thought no more of the matter until I received the April, 1912, *BACONIANA*, in which I was surprised to find an article by Mr. John Hutchinson, entitled, "The Sonnets of Shakespeare : A New View." In this article the theory of the Sonnets which in 1907-8 I had treated as a literary commonplace was advanced as novel. In the October (1912) number of *BACONIANA* (p. 253), I called attention to my earlier papers and expressed surprise that anyone should regard this view as new, especially as I had not so considered it five years before. I quoted the following lines from one of my papers as evidence of this :—

"I suppose there is no person now, no student, at least, who doubts that the Sonnets have reference to the author, and to his genius, his art, and his writings. I speak of the Sonnets generally, but I do not think that all of them have yet yielded their meaning. But taking the first hundred and twenty-six I think there is no doubt."

In January, 1913, Mr. Hutchinson acknowledged this communication in a letter (*BACONIANA*, p. 61), in which he said that he "believed" his view to be "original," "as the *Athenæum*, indeed has pronounced it." As to the last remark, I am moved to say that if the *Athenæum* knows no more of such matters than most Shakespeareans, its authority does not amount to much. Having recently turned my attention to Baconianism again (without having changed my mind), it is a matter of some curiosity to me why I treated this "new view" as a commonplace. The reading I was doing at the time has passed from me, but it seems to me that the idea in question must have been a commonplace else I would not have so treated it. In my papers I assumed the idea as a

matter of course, and proceeded to examine the plays mentioned in the light of the idea. The purpose of the present paper is not to revive any question of "novelty" between Mr. Hutchinson and myself, but to add something to what was said in my former paper.

It is commonly said by Shakespeareans that the first Sonnet is the key to the series. I think it is, but not the key that Shakespeareans think. If we are able to show that the Sonnets are not addressed to Southampton, or William Herbert, but are addressed to the poet and his writings, we will have made some advance, since the demonstration of this fact would render null all the laboured exegesis of the Sonnets by Shakespearean commentators.

The opening lines of Sonnet I. are familiar, but I quote them :—

" From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory."

In my earlier paper I said :—

" The author desires an heir. I think no one is so obtuse as to suppose that this is a physical heir. What he wants is an heir of his ' invention,' a spiritual heir, the offspring of his mind and soul."

As what I have to say now is a continuation of what I said before, I may be permitted to quote a few lines more from my former paper by way of preface :

" The groundwork and philosophy of the Sonnets cannot be said to be very original. They are the intimate record and journal of a man conscious of a great gift and with a literary prescience beyond all parallel, and a full and haunting

sense that life is short and art long. Therefore he urges himself to make use of his talent before the night comes in which no man can work. He speaks of himself, of his genius, of his work; addressing it as his Master, his Mistress, his 'lovely boy.' That these have reference to the author and his work no one can doubt."

This idea of a spiritual heir was one of the common conceits of Shakespeare's time. He used it himself in the dedication of the *Venus and Adonis*, which he called the "first heir" of his "invention." The idea was so common that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it. One or two references, however, may not be amiss. In the dedication of *Love's Martyr* to the "honoured Knight, Sir John Salisburie," it is said: "Everyone thinking his own child to be fairest although an Æthiopian, I am emboldened to put my infant wit to the eye of the world under your protection . . . to the world I put my child to nurse, at the expense of your favour." In Bacon's letter to the University of Cambridge, on sending his *Novum Organum*, he says:—"Seeing I am your son, and your disciple, it would please me to repose in your bosom the issue I have lately brought forth into the world, for otherwise I should look upon it as an exposed child." And in Jonson's lines, prefixed to the "First Folio," it is said:—

" Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so, the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turned and true filed lines."*

*(See generally, Montaigne, "On the Affection of Fathers to Their Children.")

The literary allusion of the Sonnets is so plain that it seems strange anyone could have mistaken it. The

term "Procreation Sonnets," of the Shakespeareans, is to my mind as grotesque as anything attributed to Baconians. It is not possible within the scope of a paper to say all that may be said on the subject. But I do not think it is necessary to say everything that might be said. The following, in my opinion, is sufficient to support the argument.

I commence with the expression "that thereby beauty's rose might never die." There is a great deal in Shakespeare about "truth and beauty."† Let

† Cf. Sonnets, "The Phœnix and the Turtle," &c.

us assume that truth stands for philosophy and beauty for poetry. Emerson says that each truth will "square" with every other truth in the universe. In other words, all truth must harmonise. What harmonises is harmonious, therefore, musical. Bacon erected in his grounds at Gorhambury a statue of Orpheus and inscribed it "Philosophy Personified." In the *Phædo*, Cebes says:—

"By Jupiter, Socrates, you have done well in reminding me: with respect to the poems you made, by putting into verse those Fables of Æsop and the Hymn to Apollo, several other persons asked me, and especially Evenus recently, with what design you made them after you came here, whereas before you had never made any. If, therefore, you care at all that I should be able to answer Evenus, when he asks me again, for I am sure he will do so, tell me what I must say to him?"

"Tell him the truth then, Cebes," he replied, "that I did not make them from a wish to compete with him, or his poems, for I knew that this would be no easy matter: but that I might discover the meaning of certain dreams and discharge my conscience, if this should happen to be the music which they have often ordered me to apply myself to. For they were to the following purport: often, in my past life, the same dreams visited me, appearing at different times in different forms, yet always saying the same things, 'Socrates,'

it said, 'apply yourself to and practice music.' And I formerly supposed that it exhorted and encouraged me to continue the pursuit I was engaged in, as those who cheer on racers, so that the dream encouraged me to continue the pursuit I was engaged in, namely, to apply myself to music, since philosophy is the highest music, and I was devoted to it."

We read in the fable that Love, through harmony, created all things. Harmony is truth, because every truth must harmonise with all truth. The harmony of things is musical, therefore poetical. This is palpably Socrates' meaning in the passage quoted. Now a word as to Orpheus. Jacob Bryant (*Antient Mythology*, Vol. II., p. 410), says :—

"The character of Orpheus is in some respects not unlike that of Zoroaster. He was esteemed both as a priest and a prophet. His skill in harmony is represented as very wonderful. . . . The Orpheans deal particularly in symbols. . . . His character for science was very great. He is reputed to have been skilled in many arts. There is great uncertainty about his parents. He is generally supposed to have been the son of Aegrus and Calliope, others made him the son of Apollo by that goddess. Some say his mother was Polyhymnia. Plato styles him the offspring of the Moon and the Muses. In all places he displayed his superiority in science, for he was not only a poet and skilled in harmony, but a great theologist and prophet; also very knowing in medicine and the history of the heavens. Some go so far as to ascribe to him the invention of letters and deduce all knowledge from him."

The bearing and analogies of these quotations will be obvious without comment. As Keats says :—

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,
'Tis all ye know, and all ye need to know."†

† This idea may throw some light upon "The Phoenix and the Turtle."

I have digressed a little, but before returning to

the argument I must be allowed a few generalisations, the purpose of which will be apparent.

Mind, spirit, soul, are from roots that signify *air*. Thus spiritus, anima, anemos, psyche, pseuche, ghost, geist, gust, mean air, or wind, and all have a creative significance. God "breathed" into Adam a living soul. The Muses "breathed" into Hesiod "divine words" and he sung "a lovely song." The Indian god of Creation was Hurrikan, "a great wind." (Brinton, "Myths of the New World.") Prof. Cornill ("The Prophets of Israel") says that Jahveh was the name of an ancient deity local to Mt. Sinai, the name signifying "the feller" (= wind). The words wind and mind are said to be literally the same, the Sanscrit W being written M in Latin. (Morgan Kavanaugh, "Origin of Language and Myth.") Music and poetry are synonymous. We call a tune an air. Ariel was Prospero's servant, who had been in bondage a long time, but was soon to be released as the magician was about to "break his wand" and "sink his book." Apollo is the Sun God, the god of light (intellect) as opposed to darkness (ignorance). He is the patron of music, poetry, art, and science. The myth has a specially powerful creative significance. That the sun is the source of all life is simply a scientific statement, but it was also the religious tenet of all antiquity. *Heat* is creative. The words, therefore, have a double significance, a literal and a figurative. In Son. 45 Shakespeare speaks of his thought as "slight air." Imogen is "a piece of tender air," that is, a piece of the author's thought. § Spenser employs the same device, his enchanter Archimagoll (Arch-imagō; the

§ And she is "last," like Perdita, Marina, and Miranda. Perdita is the last "summer" of "The Winter's Tale." Cf the vernal imagery of the Sonnets.

|| Supra.†

word is significant. Cf. Son., "Show me your *image* in some antique book," &c.), creating his feigned or unreal women out of "liquid" or "subtile" air. Compare also Euripides' Helen. With these general suggestions in mind, let us return now to the argument. I was referring to the expression "that beauty's rose might never die." Beauty's rose, I think, is poetry's rose, and rose, I think, is equivalent to flower, or blossom. So that translated the words would mean poetry's flower or bloom. The expression "might *never* die" does not suggest a mortal heir, but an immortal one.¶ Assuming, then, that the "tender heir" referred to is a spiritual heir, one that will "never die," I approach the crux of the proposition, which is contained in a single line, viz. :—

"Thou art all the better part of me."

I do not mean that there are no other lines of the same import, nor that the argument may not be strengthened by reference to other lines. What I maintain is that the proposition may be demonstrated from this line alone. Upon this line Shakespearean exegesis lose themselves in a cloud of neo-platonic speculation, but if it can be shown that this line has a simple personal and literary significance the Shakespeareans will be put out of court. I think this can be shown. My thesis is that the word "thou" refers to the Shakespeare writings. To begin with, Shakespeare says that self-love is all his sin :—

"O how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When *thou* art all the better part of me.
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but *mine own* when I praise *thee*?"

"My spirit is thine, the better part of me."

¶ "Plato addeth, moreover, that these are immortal issues, and immortalise their fathers." Montaigne, note, ante.

" Sin of self love possesses all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part ;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As in all other in all worths surmount.
'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise."

If the author is not here talking about himself words have no meaning. Before passing to evidence *aliunde*, let us see if we can find confirmation in the Sonnets of the personal and literary aspect of the passage in question. Take Son. 59 :—

" If there be nothing new . . .
. . . how are *our brains* beguiled,
Which, *laboring for invention*, bear amiss,
The *second burden* of a former child.
O, that record with a backward look
Even of five hundred courses of the sun
Show me your *image** in some antique book
Since *mind*, at first, in *character* was done.
Then I might see what the old world could say
To this *composed wonder* of your frame."

This Sonnet is literary throughout. It is the brain that is labouring for invention, and bearing a child. If the " child " produced is merely like one that has been produced before, then the brain is " beguiled." " This *composed wonder* " is necessarily a literary product as is shown not only by the words themselves, but by the accompanying expression, " Since *mind* at first in character (writing) was done." " Invention " was the common word of the period for poetical composition. Compare " Love's Labour Lost," where Holofernes criticises Biron's Love Sonnet " according to the established stages and elements of progress in this department of school work. Two of the more

* That is, your like, or equal.

important of these stages were technically known as imitation and invention, the lower exercise, or imitation, being preparatory to the higher and more independent effort required for invention." (Baynes, "Shakespeare Studies.") Take Son. 5 :—

" Those hours that with *gentle work did frame*†
 The *lovely gaze* where every eye doth dwell
 Will play the tyrant to the very same.
 For never resting Time leads Summer on
 To hideous winter.
 Then were not *summer's distillation* left,
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft
 But flowers distilled, though they with winter meet
 Leese but their shadow, their substance still is sweet."

" Then let not Winter's rugged hand deface
 In thee (that is himself) thy *Summer*, ere *thou* be distilled."

What is this but telling himself to work and produce while he has the power. And what is all this *vernal imagery* in the Sonnets? "Summer's distillation," "summer's honey breath," "a summer's story," "thy *eternal* summer," &c. It is another story, which I cannot go into here, except to say that winter is the season of darkness, gloom and barrenness, and summer of joy, beauty, and strength. The imagery is as old as the mind of man, and the life of man is like it.

" Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care ;
 Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather ;
 Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare
 Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold."

This is the burden of the Sonnets :—

" When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
 Thy youth's proud livery so gazed on now,
 Will be a tattered weed :

† Cf. " This composed wonder of your *frame*."

Then being ask'd where all *thy beauty* lies
 Where all *the treasure of thy lusty days*,
 To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,
 Were an all eating shame and thriftless praise.
 How much more praise deserved thy beauty's *use*,
 If thou could'st answer—"This fair *child* of mine
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse"
 Proving his beauty by succession thine.
 This were to be new made when thou art old
 And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold."

This Sonnet is addressed by Shakespeare to himself, and its meaning is plain. He must write, reproduce himself while he can. To let his talent lie waste would be a sin and shame. What follows needs no gloss :—

"Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty (poesy) hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
 O how shall *Summer's honey breath* hold out
 Against the wrackful siege of battering days ?
 O fearful meditation ! Where, alack,
 Shall Time's *best jewel* from Thine's chest be hid ?
 O none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in *black ink* my love may still shine bright."

The sequence closes :—

"O thou, my lovely boy, who in *thy power*,
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour ;
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st,
 Thy leaves withering as thy sweet self grow'st ;
 If Nature, Sovereign Mistress, ever wrack,
 As thou goest onwards still will pluck thee back.
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that *her skill*
 May *Time disgrace*, and *wretched moments* kill.
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure.
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure.
 Her audit though delayed, answered must be,
 And *her quietus* is to render thee."

Is there any question about what this means?
 "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments shall outlive
 this powerful rhyme." But the world was not going
 to end with the death of Southampton or Pembroke,
 and Shakespeare did not mean any such thing. But
 we do not need to speculate, we have a contemporary
 interpretation. In the Return from Parnassus is
 this passage :—

"Guillio : Nature that made thee with herself had strife,
 Saithe that the world hath ending with thy life.
 Ingenioso : Sweete Mr. Shakespeare ! "

But enough of this. I have said that the argument
 turns on a line, "Thou art all the better part of me,"
 and that "thou" in this line is a literary allusion.
 And I have promised evidence aliunde. It is time to
 produce it. Son. 44 of Drayton's "Idea" is as follows :

"While thus my pen strives to eternize thee,
 Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,
 Where, in the map of all my misery
 Is modelled out the world of my disgrace ;
 Whilst in despite of tyranizing times,
 Media-like, I make thee young again,
 Proudly thou scorn'st my world-out-wearing rhymes,
 And murderest virtue with thy coy disdain :
 And though in youth my youth untimely perishe,
 To keep thee from oblivion and the grave
 Ensuing ages yet *my rhymes* shall cherish
 Where I entombed *my better part* shall save ;
 And though this earthly body fade and die,
 My name shall mount upon eternity."

Here the expression is used in so plain a literary
 sense that no one can mistake it. My next reference
 is singular. Almost the first mention of Shakespeare
 as a writer is in the Palladis Tamia of Francis Meeres,
 who says that, "As the soule of Euphorbus was

thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in Melliflous and honeyed-tongued Shakespeare, witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugred sonnets among his private friends." Mr. George Wyndham, taking this cue, and speaking of the indebtedness of other writers to Ovid, says : " With greater frequency comes the evidence of Shakespeare's loving familiarity with Ovid, whose effects he fuses. . . . In all Shakespeare's work of this period the same fusion of Ovid's stories and images is obvious. . . . Ovid with his power of telling a story and of eloquent discourse, his shining images, his cadences, coloured with assonance and weighted with alliteration ; Chaucer, with his sweet liquidity of diction, his dialogues and soliloquies—*these are the 'only true begetters' of the lyric Shakespeare.*" Strangely enough, Ben Jonson, in " The War of the Theatres," wrote his Poetaster around a character called Ovid *Junior*, who was ostensibly a lawyer, but secretly a poet and playwright. " The curtain rises with Ovid Junior discovered in his study putting the finishing touches to some verses he has been composing. This young Ovid is a lawyer by profession, but he has no stomach for the law, and he is heard reciting with evident pleasure the last two lines of his poem :—

" Then when *this body* falls in funeral fire
My name shall live and *my best part* aspire."

Without further comment, here are two contemporary uses of Shakespeare's expression that are plainly literary, and by men who knew Shakespeare and who were " undoubtedly," as Sidney Lee would say, familiar with the " sugred sonnets," and who undoubtedly understood them.

Can it be doubted, in the light of the sonnets them-

selves and of this additional evidence aliunde that Shakespeare's line is literary and personal in its meaning? I think not. The "best part" of Drayton and of Ovid Junior was their poetry, and when Shakespeare wrote, "Thou art all the better part of me," he meant the same thing. This was the "lovely gaze," "the composed wonder" that "hours of gentle work did frame," the "Summer's story," "Summer's distillation," &c., of the Sonnets.

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Guthrie, Okla., U.S.A.



MERE FEATHERS.

ONE of the many branches of investigation by the contributors to *BACONIANA* seems to interest "Shakespeareans" least of all. Point out to any of them some of the mysterious woodcuts, head-pieces, tail-pieces, initials, water-marks, or mispagination, in volumes printed temp. Eliz. & Jac., and the common remark is, "Well, what of them?" A question like the child's perpetual "Why?" which, as it cannot be answered in a breath, is often rather silencing. Good manners forbid the answer, if ready, being prefaced by a necessary lecture on the history of the period that the questioner, must at least be supposed to know, although it would certainly bore him to listen to it. The best jigsaw puzzle would not engross him more, if he could be persuaded to amuse himself with the subject. On the least evidence of interest in it, he should be induced to read the illustrated paper on the "New Birth of Time,"

contributed by the late Mrs. Constance Pott to this Journal in 1894. (Vol. II., N.S., p. 370.) Such was the title given by that famous Leader of a Research Party to her description and explanation of the symbolical design at the head of the First Folio of "Shakespeare's" Plays. A plate containing four specimens of a similar design, but reproduced from as many different books, accompanies the Article, and its author refers somewhat particularly to details of the symbolical ornament, the Boy, Birds of Paradise, Archers, Wild Animals, Rabbits, etc., and suggests the meaning of each. "Look where we will," she writes, "amongst the illustrated books, the designs, metal work, or architecture of the Baconian period, the English Renaissance, we are met by these symbols, infinitely varied, variously combined, but 'ever the same,' and conspicuous to any observer," and a list of no less than 34 books containing "The New Birth of Time" headline concludes the article. Their dates run from 1583 to 1669. Although the acute-minded lady was aware that the symbols were "infinitely varied," it would seem that even she failed to notice in this headline a variation so trifling that the present writer thinks it must be of importance. He has casually mentioned it before in BACONIANA, but now wishes to bring it more fully into light for investigation. On looking at the "Shakespeare" First Folio Headline, the observer will see that each of the two Birds of Paradise has a long tail of 5 feathers. Now let him look at the Headlines in "The Whole Booke of Psalmes" of 1583, and in the two other Headlines reproduced by Mrs. Pott to illustrate their similarity. At first glance the design seems identical with that of the First Folio. There is, however, a difference. It is this. In the other volumes the Bird has not 5 feathers, but only 3. Whether this is so in all the 34 books

enumerated by Mrs. Pott can easily be ascertained at the Museum, but the present writer has not had an opportunity of examining them. He has, however, found the 3 feather Headline in many books of the period from different printing presses. Inexplicable as this seems to us, it is still more curious that the very identical First Folio Headline with 5 feathers can be found in a few other books not named in the above-mentioned list. They may be classed with the Plays, as works for the "Advancement of Learning." Like the 34, some were published during Bacon's life, others, perhaps, after. These "5 feathered Headlines" will be found in certain volumes treating exhaustively of large and important branches of knowledge. The writer possesses four of such works, which shall now be described.

1. The *Treasurie of Auncient and Moderne Times*, containing the Learned Collections, Judicious Readings, and Memorable Observations: Not only Divine, Morall and Phylosophicall. But also Poetical, Martiall, Politicall, Historicall, Astrological, and Translated out of that Worthy Spanish Gentleman, Pedro Mexio. And M. Francesco Sansovino, that Famous Italian. As also, of those Honourable Frenchmen, Anthonia Du Verdier, Lord of Vauprivaz; Loys Guyon, Sieur de la Nauche, Counsellor unto the King; Claudius Gruget, Parisian, etc.

[PRINTER'S DEVICE.

A right hand grasping a Sceptre supporting a Portcullis. The wrist entwined by a Serpent, with its tail in its mouth, and enclosing the motto, "Prudentia." On either side of the sceptre, and also grasped by the hand, which issues from a cloud, are laurel branches.]

London: Printed by W. Jaggard, 1613.

The work is in 2 vols. fo. There is an unsigned address to the Reader, and above a Dedication to

Sir Thomas Brudenell, Baronet, signed only, "Your
namelesse Well-willer,

desirous to be known to none
but your Selfe,"

is the exact Headline of the Folio "Shakespeare." It is repeated on p. 1. A list of 576 Authors cited is given. A second Volume of the Work was entitled, "Time's Storehouse," and came from the same press in 1619, with a fine and somewhat mysterious frontispiece, engraved by R. Elstracke, and an unsigned Dedication to Sir Phillip Herbert and his wife. The whole work is a repertory of information of the most miscellaneous kind. It purports to be a translation, and I have checked a number of the Chapters with those in the "Silva" of Pedro Mexia, and found them to correspond. The First Edition of this Spanish Miscellany was published in Seville A.D. 1542, but my comparison has been made with an Edition printed at Antwerp 1603, and another version in Italian, printed at Venice 1560. There is, however, a great deal of the work which is evidently *not* translated from any of those by the foreign authors named on the title-page, and the 5th Book of Vol. II., describing the ranks of our nobility, the "Ancient forme of the Coronation of the Kings and Queenes of England," with, amongst other plates, a fine one of our Parliament in Session, can have only an English origin. Space will not permit me to state the extraordinarily various subjects of the distinct Chapters in the "Treasury" Essays on most divers matters, such as "Of the Soule of Man," "Of Curiosity," "Of the Ant," "Of the Windes," "Of opportunitie," "Of covetousness," etc., are scattered with almost methodical disorder amongst historical treatises, ex. gr.: "The reign of Herod." "A catalogue of the High Priests." "The three Conquests of England," "Of Ireland," "Of the New-

found World," etc., etc. It is indeed a "storehouse" of valuable and recondite knowledge. Amongst the Essays in the first Vol. is one—freely translated from the Spanish—on "The Seven Ages of Man," which may no doubt suggest to readers the source of a far more poetical treatment of the same subject.

The "Treasurie" is full of the affairs of men in the gross. Let me now call attention to another book, with the "5 feathered Headline," confined to the knowledge of man in detail. "ΜΙΚΡΟΚΟΣΜΟΓΡΑΦΙΑ. A description of the Body of Man. Together with the Controversies thereto belonging. Collected and Translated out of all the Best Authors of Anatomy. Especially out of Gasper Bashinus and Andreas Laurentius. By Helkiah Crooke, Doctor in Physicke. Etiam Parnassia Laurus Parva sub ingenti matris se subijcit umbra."

London: Printed by William Jaggard, 1615, fo.

It is dedicated to King James I., and is an orderly, learned, and exhaustive compendium of Anatomy, illustrated by numerous plates.

Another very general and comprehensive work on the business of men, is "Consuetudo vel Lex Mercatoria, or, The Ancient Law-Merchant. . . . By Gerard Malynes, Merchant. . . . Whereunto is Annexed The Merchant's Mirrour . . . by Richard Dafforne, of Northampton, Accountant."

London: Printed by William Hunt, for Nicolas Bourne, 1656, fo. This is also dedicated to King James I., and an address to the reader is dated 1622, although the book seems to be a first Edition.

Here the "5 feathered Headline" first appears in the middle of the volume, on three pages near to each other, and, above either a preface, or an address "To the Reader," or an Introduction. But it is worth notice that several Chapters, evidently from the pen of a

learned lawyer, in the *Lex Mercatoria*, begin with what I have elsewhere termed the "Boar Initial." If the whole *Lex Mercatoria* was really written by "Gerard Malynes, Merchant," who signs his name "Malines," he was a singularly accomplished man of business, as a glance at the profound Chapters, "Of Navigation and Community of the Seas," and "Of the distinct Dominions of the Seas" would prove. That he was also a person of importance may be inferred from a passage at p. 131, where the Author—whoever he is—writes ". . . I call to memory a conference, which in the year 1606 (being in Yorkshire about the Allome Mines, and certaine Lead Mines in Richmondshire) passed between the Archbishop of York, Doctor *Matthew* and myselfe, in presence of Ralph Lord Eure, with whom I went to Yorke to congratulate the said Archbishop newly come to that See, which was concerning the center of the earth . . . etc.," page 131, and on p. 132, he makes a highly scientific observation on ascertaining the Latitude, adding "As I made Sir Francis Drake, Knight, to take notice of, in the year 1587, and after that more sensibly to Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight," and on p. 134 . . . "I must remember the singular care which the right reverend Father in God, Dr. Abbott (now Archbishop of Canterbury and Metropolitan of England) hath had, in procuring (at his great charges for the good of our posterity) an excellent great volume or manuscript which was heretofore taken at Calais in France, when the Spaniards took the same Anno 1596, and carried to Bruxels in the Low countries, whereof I have had the perusall, and made an abstract of the Chapters of the same"—which he gives, and is most interesting. There are passages on p. 135 full of significance to readers of *BACONIANA*, but too long for me to cite here. They bear on the symbols in the Headline.

The fourth large work with "5 feathered Head-lines" is entitled, on a fine frontispiece, engraved by Wm. Marshall, "*Saturni Ephemerides' sive tabula Historico Chronologica*, containing a chronological series, or succession of the four Monarchyes, with an Abridgment of the Annual Memorable passages in them. As also, a succession of the Kings and Rulers over most Kingdoms and Estates of the World. . . . With a compend of the History of the Church of God from the creation. The times of the patriarchs, Fathers, Doctors, and others, famous and learned men in all Faculties. . . . Lastly, An Appendix of the Plantation and Encrease of Religion in this Monarchy of Britayne. The Times of Foundation of Bishoprics in England and Wales, with a Chronological Succession of the Bishops there. . . ." By Henry Isaacson, Londoner. Printed by B. A. and T. F., for Henry Seile and Humphrey Robinson, London, roy. fo., 1633. On the title-page to the Appendix, the printers' names are stated, viz., Barn. Alsop and Tho. Fawcet. It is dedicated to King Charles I. From Latin verses in praise of the Author it appears that Henry Isaacson was the amanuensis of Lancelot Andrewes, the very learned Bishop of Winchester, and intimate friend of Francis Bacon. Therefore it may be said, in passing, that it is passing strange to find, on turning to a column which contains the names of famous Historians, Poets, Painters, Lawyers, etc., the name of Bacon is omitted, and it is fair to add that of "Shake-speare" also. Yet the compendium is most assuredly of use and intended for that "Advancement of Learning" so near to the hearts of both Bishop and his friend.

My rôle as a contributor to these pages is rather to state facts, which possibly may have escaped due attention than to attempt explanations of them,

but perhaps some of our ingenious readers can suggest why the symbolical design used as a headline to the First Folio "Shakespeare," should be exactly reproduced in the four large works which I have just described, and a very similar design with a variation quite mysteriously insignificant, yet requiring a distinct wood block, be used for the 34 volumes specified by the writer of the Article on "The New Birth of Time," that I have respectfully ventured to supplement.

J. R., of Gray's Inn.

[NOTE.—In supplement and confirmation of the foregoing article, the Editor has found in the 1618 English Edition of the "French Academy" (London, Thomas Adams) 4 examples of the five feather version of the Archer Emblem. No book could meet more completely the conditions that J. R. postulates for the using of the 5 feather emblem, than does the French Academy. It is in every sense a book intended for the Advancement of Learning, and treats "exhaustively of large and important branches of knowledge." The 1618 Edition is a small Folio extending to over 1,000 pages. The Four Books into which it is divided treat of :

1. Institution of Manners and Callings of all E states.
2. Concerning the Soul and Body of Man.
3. A Notable description of the whole World, &c.
4. Christian Philosophie instructing the true and only means to Eternal Life.

In this Edition the 4th Book appeared for the first time in English, and it had appeared for the first time in French in the French Edition of 1613 (Saumur, Thomas Portau). The subject matter of the four books gives one an idea of the gigantic undertaking that this book represents.

"L'Academie Francaise," as the French title runs, is a most curious and even mysterious book. The first Edition came out in Paris in 1578, and it is said to be by Peter de la Primaudaye. It was evidently much thought of, subsequent editions were brought out, and as early as 1584 it was translated into English by one Thomas Bowes—as J. R. informs me. But though the work is of such a vast range, and so profound in its searching after knowledge, nothing whatever is known of the

Frenchman, Peter de la Primaudaye, who is put forward as the Author. The writer has searched French biographical dictionaries and can find nothing about him.

To the French Edition of 1613 the 4th Book was added, and apparently this concluded the work. The English Edition of 1618 has this 4th Book, and it is very remarkable that though the subject matter is the same in both, the English is most certainly not a *translation* of the French ; it professes, however, to be a translation. There are very great differences throughout the book in the English and French Versions. As before said, it is one of the " mystery books " of the period.

It will be noticed in the reproduction of headpieces showing the 5 feathers (Shakespeare, Folio, 1623) that the right hand bird has only 4 fully developed feathers and one in embryo. The headpieces in the French Academy are exactly the same as this.—ED. BACONIANA.]



THE ARTE OF ENGLISH POESIE.

A BOOK bearing this title was printed by Richard Field [1589, Blackfriars] with no author's name. It will be remembered that Richard Field printed *Venus and Adonis* four years later, and that a year before it appeared Francis Bacon took Richard Field down with him to Twickenham Park, together with Richard Cecil, and Robert Gosnold, to discuss " law for ye merry Tales."

Field dedicated the book to Right Hon. Sir William Cecil, Lord of Burleigh, saying :

" This book coming to my hands, with his bare title without any Author's name or any other ordinary address, I doubted how well it might become me to make you a present thereof, seeming by many express passages . . . that it was by the Author intended to our Sovereign Lady the Queen, and to her recreation and service chiefly devised," etc. Again : " Per-

ceiving besides the title to purport so slender a subject, as nothing could be more discrepant from the gravity of your years and Honorable function, whose contemplations are every hour more seriously employed upon the publick administration and services, I thought it no condign gratification for . . . such a person as you."

Yet Field speaks of "thanks due to the Author," for "a device of some novelty (which commonly giveth every good thing a special grace,)" and concludes :

"I could not devise to have presented your Lordship any gift more agreeable to your appetite . . . your Lordship being learned, and a lover of learning."

If this were true, the Lord Treasurer must have altered in the last fourteen years. What Lodge thought of him in 1575 is seen in his *Illustrations*, p. 53-56, where he quotes a letter about Edward Talbot written to his father, Lord Shrewsbury, by Cecil.

"I wish your Lordship's son without any curiosity of human learning, which without the fear of God, I see doth great hurt to all youths in this time and age." Lodge says :

"This singular opinion of human learning renders this letter a most curious and interesting relic." Who is the mysterious Author learned enough to produce such a work, who was so well aware of the unpleasant savour which Poetry had for the Lord High Treasurer and his Sovereign Lady that he had to use palavar and apology to obtain his protection for the volume, which evidently he considered essential to its success ?

In the little volume of English Reprints (Constable, 1895) Edward Arber in his Introduction says the original composition was written about 1585 and printed 1589. Arber calls it the largest part of Poetical criticism in Elizabeth's reign. He finds the following remarks in it somewhat extraordinary considering the great Poets then living.

"As well Poets and Poesie are despised, and the name of some of honorable infamous, subject to scorn and derision . . . rather a reproach than a praise to any that useth it: for commonly who is studious in th' arte, or shews himself excellent in it, they call him in disdain a *phantasticall*, and a light-headed or phantastical man (by conversion) they call a Poet."* And again: "It is hard to find in these days of noble men or gentlemen any good mathematician, or excellent musician, or notable philosopher, or else a cunning Poet, because we find few great Princes delighted in the same studies," adding, "I know very many notable gentlemen in the Court that have written commendably and suppressed it again, or else suffered it to be published without their names to it, as if it were a discredit for a gentleman to seem learned, and to show himself amorous of any good Art."†

Arber says the book is written for the Queen's information, next for the Court, and lastly to "make this Arte vulgar for all Englishman's use."

Arber shows how the book gives the theory of the various forms of Poetry; describes Classic Poetry, and how the Chapter on Language exhibits the Author as the Archbishop Trench of his age. He praises the clear style, the merry twinkling wit constantly peeping out and the dispassionate judgment, ending with this question: "Who was the Author?" Arber has the gravest doubts of its being George Puttenham, whose name was never attached to it till 1614.

Arber offers no solution to the mystery, but points out that it claims to be written by an Englishman born about 1532, an Oxford scholar, brought up in foreign courts, which he knew better than English ones. At home in Greek and Latin, he was well skilled in French, Italian and Spanish, was well read

* p. 61.

† p. 37.

in History, especially that of his own time, had great acquaintance with his national literature, and took special delight in English poetry. "Who," says Arber, "Is this high-born, high-bred, highly cultivated, courtly Crichton?" Who, ought to be added, never published his important, learned work till he was fifty-three? I answer unhesitatingly, Francis Bacon, with wit enough to wrap his identity up in the pretence of mature age when he was really twenty-four.

The anonymous Author claims to be that despised thing, a Poet or "Maker." A name which Sir John Harrington in his Preface to his Orlando Furioso (Fol. 1,591) says: "Was christened in English by an unknown Godfather in the Arte of English Poesy." Camden, in his Remaines of a Greater Work concerning Britaine (1605) says: "Of the dignity of Poetry much has been said by the worthy Sir Philip Sydney and by the gentleman which proved that Poets were the first Politicians, Philosophers, and Histriographers." Arber says, somewhat foolishly as I think, "Camden did not know who the gentleman was." Arber is much impressed not only by the reticence, of the Author, but by the "successful reticence."

Francis Bacon in his *Advancement of Learning*, Book II., Chap. xiii. [Joseph Devey's edition] divides Poetry, which he names the Second leading Branch of Learning, into 1, Narrative. 2, Dramatic. 3, Allegorical. He insists on the great antiquity of Poetry. "It was," he says, "in high esteem in the most ignorant ages, among the most barbarous people, while other learning was utterly excluded."

The Arte of English Poetry says: "The profession and use of Poesie is most ancient from the beginning . . . before any civil society was among men . . . when as they little differed . . . from the very brutes of the field." Bacon says: "Music which conveys it the

sweeter to the mind " assisted the charms of Poetry, which may justly be esteemed of a Divine nature." The ancient times, he tells us, were full of the Allegories of the Poets, and again : " The Secrets and Mysteries of Religion are wrapped up in Allegorical Poetry."

" It came," says the Arte of Poesy, " That the high Mysteries of the gods should be taught and revealed by Poesy . . . " because they made the first difference between virtue and vice . . . tempered with the exercise of a delectable Music, by melodious instruments, which withall served them to delight their hearers. Therefore were they the first Philosophers Ethick and the first artificial Musicians of the world. " It cannot but be therefore . . . that any scorn should be justly offered to so noble, profitable, ancient, and Divine a Science, as Poesie is. (Arte of English Poesie, p. 25.)

Francis Bacon says : " Dramatic Poetry has the Theatre for its world, and would be of excellent use if it were sound." He adds " for the discipline and corruption of the Theatre is of very great importance. . . the action of the Theatre was carefully watched by the ancients that it might improve mankind in virtue, and many wise men and great philosophers have thought it to the mind as the bow to the fiddle." (Joseph Devey's Ed.: George Bell & Sons. p. 97, *Advancement of Learning*).

Interesting chapters of the Arte of Poesy explain how vice was rebuked anciently by the Satyr, the Comedy, and the Tragedy . . . (p. 46) tending altogether to the good amendment of man by discipline and example." It adds in strong terms : that " Infamous life, wickedness, miserable ends, were painted out in Playes . . . to show the just punishment of God." It is significant that Fairman Ordish in his *Early London Theatres* suggests that the name

Theatre, the name of the first London Play House, was chosen to denote a display or demonstration of God's Judgments.

It is impossible here to touch on all the points of similarity between the writer of the Arte of Poesie, and Francis Bacon. The salient one emphasises the need for the modern Stage to imitate the Ancient one in inculcating virtue.

Sir John Harrington, mentioned above, was the brother of that Minerva, Lucy, Countess of Bedford, who welcomed Poets Donne, Drayton, and many others, at her flowery bower, Twickenham Lodge, which she bought from Francis Bacon. No mean poet herself, we never hear of either Shake-Speare or Bacon being her guests. Her brother, who died unmarried and made her his heir, was the Queen's god-son, and uses the term *Ignoto* for the author of the Arte of Poesie. *De Morte*, the poem commencing "Man's Life's a Tragedy," is signed Ignoto, and is attributed to Francis Bacon by Palgrave in his Golden Treasury. Among Sir Henry Wotton's papers were found poems signed Ignoto, one of these Professor Grosart asserts is Francis Bacon's "The world's a bubble and the life of Man Less than a Span."*

Wotton speaks of Bacon's "Divine Understanding," and says: "Here (Italy) his books are more and more delighted in by those men who have more than ordinary knowledge." (Letter from Italy to Lord Cavendish).

Certainly we believe all his intimates had more than

*In the "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*," published in London in 1651, at page 538, this poem, "The World's a Bubble," is given with "Ignoto" as the author. In a subsequent edition of the book, published in London in 1685, at p. 397, this poem again appears with "Fra. Lord Bacon" as the Author. See also the Article "Ignoto" in *BACONIANA* for October, 1913.—ED. *BACONIANA*.

ordinary knowledge of his works, and of his desire to remain Ignoto, and furthered his purpose.

A word as to Sir Philip Sydney's *Defence of Poesie* printed for the first time nine years after his death. It appeared 1595, the same year the *Arte of Poesie* was written according to Arber. Sydney describes Poetry as "a speaking picture" which he says has this for end "to teach and delight."

Bacon says: "Dramatic Poetry is a Visible History," and "Hieroglyphics preceded Letters, so Parables preceded Arguments" (p. 96 Ad. of L.), and were used to teach and lay open, and "Poetry not only delights but inculcates morality and nobleness of soul" (p. 97 Ad. of L.).

Sydney says Poetry has "Divine force, and Divine fury."

Bacon says, "Poetry is inspired with Divine rapture," and "Divine fury."

Sydney says: "I conjure you no more to scorn the sacred Mysteries contained in Poetry, which of purpose were written darkly."

Bacon says: "Allegorical Poetry is to envelop things, whose dignity deserves a veil" (p. 98). The secrets and Mysteries of Religion, policy, and philosophy are wrapped up in fables and parables," and "There is a two-fold use of Parables . . . conducing as well to the folding up as to the enlightenment and laying open of obscurities." (Wisdom o. t. A.)

Sydney treats "Fiction as the essence of Poetry."

Bacon treats Poetry as, "History feigned at pleasure."

Sydney calls Poetry, "The first light-giver."

Bacon says: "History performs the office of a guide rather than a light, and Poetry is as it were the stream of knowledge," adding "Poetry has always been attributed to the imagination, and Divine illumination

makes use of it." This fascinating brilliant *Defence of Poesie* bears the trace so absolutely of Francis Bacon's pen, and mirrors his ideas so accurately, that I can but believe he wrote it as surely as he wrote Puttenham's "Arte." Mr. Smedley, I know thinks with me. The word "delightfulness" recurs often in all its tenses with regard to Poetry, which is essentially Baconian.

It is only reasonable to suppose that Francis Bacon desired to conceal from the Queen, to whose favour and bounty he looked in the future, what she feared was a feather in his head, and the fact that he was fitter for a "Mountebank of Service than a grave Councillor." It is quite possible that Bacon when he used this expression in one of his speeches did so with a twinkle, because the Queen had directed it against himself one fine day! There is a tradition that she found his vein lighter than she thought altogether safe for the grave profession of Law.

Had Francis Bacon been known by the Queen and at Court as the "Maker" who not only satyrised the foibles and sins of his day, but wrapped political and royal secrets of most portentous moment up in Plays, his head even would not have been worth a moment's purchase. As an acknowledged instructor of Poets during Elizabeth's reign he would have forfeited favour, but as an acknowledged Dramatist he would probably have forfeited life. A student of our subject pointed out to me lately the old Dugdale copy of the first Stratford monument, saying: "Isn't the cushion like a headless pig? Take away Shakespear, and you leave Bacon." I responded: "Take away Shakspur, and you leave headless Bacon!"

ALICIA AMY LEITH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NATURE OF LOVE IN THE SONNETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DEAR SIR,—This subject is one which has caused critics and commentators, of all shades of opinion, very great difficulty. There are, however, occasional clues dropped by the elusive author, which seem to me to offer encouragement in the game of hide-and-seek so skilfully arranged by him.

The nature of the "love" in the Sonnets is termed :—

Eternal love. (Sonnet 108).

Religious love. (Sonnet 31).

So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page,
Finding the first conceit of love there bred
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

Where can this "eternal love" be if not in poetry?

In many of the sonnets, "our ever-living poet" is promising eternity to "the better part" of him, and his lines are declared to be "eternal numbers to outlive long date." The appellation "religious love" is not so apparent to the understanding at first sight. Shake-speare writes :—

How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye!

Working upon the incontrovertible fact that in the Sonnets (as in *The Tempest*) the poet is praising alternately his own person and art, difficulties at once disappear. Bacon writes that "Poesy was ever thought to have some participation of divineness." Shakespeare observes that "much is the force of heaven-bred Poesy." In his *Apologie for Poetry*, Sidney says :—

"For that same exquisite observing of number and measure in words, and that high-flying liberty of conceit proper to the poet, did seem to have some divine force in it."

All the poets attributed to Poesy a heavenly descent.

It may be of interest¹ to remark that in *A Lover's Complaint*, the nature of love is likewise declared to be :—

Eternal love. Verse 34.

Religious love. Verse 36.

Both these instances are in connection with the nun who abandoned some "noble suit" which she had at Court, and removed thence to spend her living in "eternal love." I take this to refer to some poet (the poet being represented by a female, because Nature gives him power to "beget," or bring forth) who withdrew from the Court, and became, as Dekker called himself, "a priest in Apollo's temple." Still telling the story of this nun, the golden-haired young man boasts how having been subdued, she would :

the caged cloister fly :

Religious love put out religion's eye :

Not to be tempted, would she be immured,

And now, to tempt, all liberty procured.

So this "religious love" steals the eye. It will be remembered that the "Master-Mistress" is said to be :—

A man in hew, all hews in his controlling

Which *steals* men's eyes and women souls amazeth.

The enquiring mind may ask why it was this nun procured liberty in order to tempt. The answer that will, I think, commend itself is that the poet alludes to the license, or liberty, of poetry as a means to move our hearts. Thus Webbe, in *A Discourse of English Poetrie* (1586), writes :—

"The very sum or chiefest essence of Poetry, did always for the most part consist in delighting the readers or hearers with pleasure . . . whereby they might draw men's minds into admiration of their inventions."

In Sonnet 114, Shake-speare likens the beautiful youth to a cherubin :—

Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble.

In the *Advancement of Learning*, Bacon quotes the authority of Dionysius the Areopagite for his remark that "In the celestial hierarchy the first place or degree is given to the angels of love, which are termed seraphim; the second, to the angels of light which are called cherubim, so as the angels

of knowledge and illumination are placed before the angels of office and domination."

That the being addressed in the sonnets was something of dazzling radiance (personifying what Shakespeare, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, calls "that angel knowledge") is certain :

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected ;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright
How would thy shadow's form form happy show,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so !

All nights are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

Are not these dreams to be identified with the pastime of poetry, which Bacon declared to be "a dream of learning" ?—
Yours very truly,

R. L. EAGLE.

19, Burghill Road, Sydenham, S.E.

" DID BACON DIE IN 1626 ? "
TO THE EDITOR OF " BACONIANA."

SIR,—I presume that all of us of the Bacon party are interested in the endeavour to solve the mysteries that surround the life of Bacon, and the writings that are acknowledged as his, and the writings which we, his admirers, attribute to him. All endeavours to unveil the mysteries which surround him should be of interest to us, and should be worthy of patient examination. Sometimes doubtless the investigations lead into a blind alley, and are fruitless ; sometimes they open up new paths that lead to valuable results. Often investigations begun by one, are taken up and followed by another ; and in all cases the honest and fair criticisms of the work of any one are helpful in indicating how the pathway of discovery may be further opened up, or why the investigation being followed is in all likelihood bound to yield no good results. But I submit that the criticisms of one Baconian on another should in the first place be studiously fair ; we get enough misquotation, and mere word juggling from Shakespearians.

These remarks are called forth by a letter from Mr. Harold

Hardy in the October *BACONIANA*, criticising an article of mine, "Did Bacon Die in 1626?" that appeared in the July number. In that article I brought forward a letter that is among the Bacon papers in the Lambeth Library, papers that were gathered by Archbishop Tenison, and by him given to the care of Edmund Gibson (afterwards Bishop), who was librarian of the Palace Library. The letter has been among the Bacon papers ever since. Peculiarities of it are that it is not *addressed* to any one, is only partially dated, no year being given, and is signed merely by the letters "T. M." The fact that it is with the Bacon papers is *prima facie* evidence that it is a letter to Bacon; and the fact that these papers have passed through the hands of men of such high positions as Archbishop Tenison and Bishop Gibson, is somewhat of a guarantee that the letter has a genuine connection with Bacon and is not a mere scrap of paper. Montague (1830) in his "Life of Bacon" accepts it as a letter to Bacon, though I was particularly careful to show in my article that there was no definite address on the letter to justify this. The contents of the letter show without a doubt that it was written in the year 1631. If it is a letter to Bacon, written in 1631, it is a proof that Bacon lived after 1626—as many people, from other circumstances, have surmised; if it be assumed that it is *not* a letter to Bacon, then as against that assumption the question arises why have Tenison and Gibson handed it down as part of the Bacon correspondence? Surely not merely to mislead; while the letter in itself, apart from the light it throws on Bacon's life, is not of sufficient value to include among the papers of the Lambeth Library, if it has no connection with Bacon. These are the puzzling features which I set out in the fairest way I could in my article.

Now Mr. Harold Hardy seems to wish to burke, if he can, any investigation into the fact of the existence of this letter, and to whom it was written. I said: "That the letter is to Bacon (Lord St. Alban) rests mainly upon the fact that it was found among Bacon's papers that had been handed down by Archbishop Tenison: that it is exactly in the style or manner of address that Meautys* used to Lord St. Alban; that the contents are precisely those that one would expect to be interesting to Bacon and such as Meautys would embody in his letter; that it has been catalogued in the Lambeth Library as being from Meautys to Bacon, and so catalogued by those who were in the best position to identify it; and that

* Who was for many years secretary to Bacon.

it has been accepted without cavil by Montague as being addressed to Bacon. The curious thing about the letter is the air of concealment that envelops it; the entire absence of anything that on the face of it would show for whom it was meant."

With these facts concerning the letter I submit that there is a strong presumption in favour of its being addressed to Bacon; and if this were the case, the matter was one worthy of careful and fair investigation; which, I submit I proceeded to give it. Certainly if Bacon continued to live after 1626, the most "astounding inferences" would necessarily flow from that fact; but that the inferences would be astounding is not proof—as Mr. Hardy would seem to think—that the fact is therefore non-existent. The question to be decided first is: "Was the letter written to Bacon?" ; the astounding inferences must be dealt with afterwards. The investigation that any one, desiring to arrive at the truth of this matter, must undertake is, "Was the letter written to Bacon?" ; to which the subsidiary questions are: "If not to Bacon then to whom?" and "If not to Bacon, then why included by Archbishop Tenison among the Bacon papers?"

Mr. Hardy says that I give it as my opinion that "Lady St. Alban committed bigamy." If I had given that as my opinion, there is little doubt that a possible investigator would have said to himself, "If the case rests on that, I should think it is hardly worth while looking into it."

Now in the course of my investigations I necessarily came across the curiously complicated tales, or impressions, that were extant in regard to Lady Bacon. On the one hand Spedding, who has gathered up much about Bacon, shows that the public idea was that Lady Bacon had in some way incurred her husband's serious displeasure, in consequence of which he revoked bequests made to her in his will, and her subsequent marriage with her gentleman usher, which the public believed had taken place, gave some support to the scandal that had been talked about her. On the other hand, the remarks of Rawley, Bacon's chaplain and amanuensis, who was deep in his confidence and must have known better than the public the state of affairs; remarks made in the "Resuscitatio" that he published in 1657, some ten years after Lady Bacon's death—are full of respect and admiration for Lady Bacon, and show that she was "prosecuted" by Lord Bacon with much conjugal love and respect and endued with a robe of honour by him "which she wore until her

dying day." There is no hint here of anything scandalous, or any word about marrying her gentleman usher. My opinion of the contradictions implied in the above statements is, not that Lady Bacon committed bigamy, as Mr. Hardy says, but that in order to blind and mislead the public and establish the conviction in the public mind that Bacon died in 1626, the story was deliberately put about that Lady Bacon had married her gentleman usher. But far from suggesting that she had committed bigamy, what I said was:—"This marriage, I suggest, was simply a fiction, palmed off upon the public. For the success of Bacon's scheme of living in hiding after he had 'died' in 1626, it was necessary that everyone (who was not in the secret) should be convinced, and able to prove that he was actually dead. What stronger proof could the world have of his death than that his widow married again? Therefore a fictitious marriage with her gentleman usher was enacted. But it was only a fiction."

In the face of this, is Mr. Hardy's statement quite fair when he says that my opinion is that Lady Bacon committed bigamy?

There are other points in Mr. Hardy's letter that are equally erroneous, but you, sir, will probably think I have already spent more space upon it than it merits. I am glad, however, that it has given me the opportunity of again directing attention to this very remarkable letter of Thomas Meautys to Bacon. The more it is studied the more it will be seen to be a most remarkable document, and the fact that it has been carefully preserved for all these years, with the rest of the Bacon papers, is full of significance to those whose minds are capable of receiving impressions, and pondering upon causes and effects.

I thank Mr. Parker Woodward for his remarks in the same October number of *BACONIANA* upon my article. He deals with it in the fair and just spirit of an investigator after truth, and one who is anxious that the true facts should be discovered in all their bearings.

Mr. Henry Hathway's letter is also one for which I am thankful. I am glad that my article should have turned his attention to this phase of the Bacon question, and I venture to predict that the more he follows up his enquiry into the date of Bacon's death, with an open and fair mind, the more he will find that the year 1626 becomes doubtful and, ultimately, incredible.—Yours faithfully,

GRANVILLE C. CUNNINGHAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DEAR SIR,—On re-reading Walter Begley's "Bacon's Nova Resuscitatio," I find in Vol. II on page 25, "But Labeo undoubtedly stands for Bacon." It is probably perfectly well known to experts that according to "Secret Shakespearian Seals" (page 27), the positional numerical value of "Labeo" is 33, and by the Kaye method it is 111, which numbers are identical in both cases with the values of the word "Bacon."

Not having come across mention of these values in what little I have read on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, perhaps the coincidence may be interesting enough to attract the attention of your readers.—I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

JOHN GLAS. SANDEMAN.

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